

Rise of the Brave Tangled Dragons: The Darkness Falls

by TheKeyBlader98

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Summary: For centuries, war has raged between Heaven and Hell. The Eternity War, some call it. With no end in sight, both sides turn their attention to Earth. As darkness begins to fall over humanity, the Guardians are called forth. But when faced with an evil that could spell the end of all existence, fate turns to five teens who have the power to save everyone. Currently on hiatus.

1. Prologue: The Eternity War

****Hello everyone who may be reading this. My name is TheKeyBlader98 and this is my first fanfic. I'm sort of nervous about how this will turn out, since I've added a whole bunch of new elements for an AU that I created for myself. But anyways, give the story a review if you like it or want to critique it. I'll get started on the next chapters after a while and I might start a Q/A as well. I should stop before I start rambling. Enjoy! :)****

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><p>Prologue: The Eternity War

Ever since the beginning of time, war has raged.

War for life and death. For happiness and anguish. For good and evil. The war for Heaven and Earth. The war of God and Satan. The terrible and never-ending "Eternity War".

The war would rage for centuries. Entire generations of human lives would begin and end while, unknown to them, the war would continue without pause. After centuries of back and forth fighting, with no ground gained for either side, an idea came to Satan. The one place that the war had hardly touched, was the place where it could be won. Earth.

Satan began to form a diabolical scheme, one that would tip the scales in his favor. To put his plan in motion, Satan increased the

pressure he put on God's armies. God then recalled all angels back to protect Heaven. This was exactly what Satan wanted. He targeted Earth, sending his demons to infect humanity and turn them against God.

The one to lead the charge was a monster. He is known as the King of Nightmares. His true name was lost to the test of time, so a new name was given to him. That name was "Pitch Black".

Satan used Pitch to target all of humanity's faith in God, specifically that of children. For without faith, God has no power. And who's faith could be any greater than that of a child. Pitch, the monster that he was, began to enjoy torturing the minds of children, specifically.

God sacrificed much to protect and end the suffering of his creations. The lives of his soldiers and friends. His pure heart. Everything he could think of, he did to try and save humanity and the Heavens. And as everything began to turn to hopelessness, he saw their salvation.

God sent his scribe and most trusted friend, the powerful angel Metatron, to the moon where he could search, in secret, for those who still had faith in God. They would then be brought to the North Pole on Earth. Here, a workshop stood, maintained by many a magical creature. And here they would be made into the immortal Guardians, a force to defend the Earth from evil.

Under the tutelage of Metatron, the first Guardians were brought up. The first of these Guardians were none other than their leader, Nicholas St. North (otherwise known as Santa Claus), and the Sandman. When the time came, the Guardians were sent out to face Pitch and his forces, known as the Negatives. Due to the faithlessness of the world, the Guardians' strength was minimal, and it was barely enough to keep some of them alive. Backs against the wall, Metatron interfered, saving what was left of them. They pushed back what was left of Pitch and his Negatives, saving humanity.

In the end, the Guardians became heroes amongst humanity, who erected tales and holidays based on who they were. But this victory was won at a hard price. Many Guardians died at the hands of Pitch and his Negative army. But at the end of the so called "Nightmare Battles", Pitch did not retreat empty handed.

During the battle at the Pole, Pitch recovered two items. Two prophecies that foretold the coming of Guardians who would be his end. The Big Four and the Guardian of Life, a Guardian brought to life by an impossible bond between Heaven and Hell. Seeing these individuals as great threats to his plans, Pitch set a plan in motion to eliminate them all.

So, he waited. For years and years, gaining power as he did. When the time came that the child, the future Guardian of Life, was born to an archangel and a demon lord, Pitch made his move. He sent his most trusted and powerful underling, the demon known as Emory Blake (referred to as the Negative, "Wrath"), to take the heart of the archangel, Marianne, and kill the child. The child managed to escape; though, due to interference by the father, Darius Sathorn, who would be imprisoned for eternity due to his "crimes". Even with this setback, Marianne's heart would be their key into Heaven.

Pitch snuck into Heaven, using Marianne's heart to access wherever he wished. Doing this, he stole the Sands of Time, allowing him access to anywhere in time. He now had the opportunity to kill the Big Four. All he had to do was find them. And with the power of the Guardians dwindling after his most recent, yet planned, defeat, Pitch decided that it was time to bring the entirety of his plan to fruition.

2. Chapter 1: The Nightmares Return

****Another chapter, more explanations. I hope that this story is getting off to a nice start. Next chapter is the first time other characters are brought into the story. Please review or critique as you like. And since I didn't do this before, I do not own any of the DreamWorks or Disney/Pixar characters mentioned in this story. Enjoy.****

****Chapter 1: The Nightmares Return****

North had been in his office for a while now, creating a new ice train. Even with Christmas still far off, North had become accustomed to making toys for the fun of it. As he looked at his new creation, he smiled. 'Time for a test run,' he thought to himself. He set the train on its tracks and got it moving. Just as it began to go through its flying segment, WHAM! "ACK! My train!" Throwing his hands up in distress, North looked up to see that one of his yeti workers had stormed through the door. North relaxed and moved over to clean up the mess. "Ah, what is the matter my friend?" The yeti let out a few frantic grunts and groans, causing North to stop where he was. "The Globe?" North walked out, past the yeti, and towards the Globe. Now, the Globe helped keep a record of all the adults and children of the world who still had faith in God, or believed in the Guardians. Whether they were good or bad, naughty or nice. It was a gift from Metatron to help keep track of any conflict that demons could bring about in the world.

The Guardian of Wonder took one look at the Globe and let out a thick, hardy laugh, turned to his worried toy-maker, and said, "There's nothing wrong my dear comrade. Dozens of people gain and lose faith each day. It's the same with believing as well. There is nothing wrong with the Globe, I can assure you." The yeti huffed in disbelief and looked back at the Globe. The furry creature's eyes suddenly widened at what he saw forming on it. The yeti made a few panicked grunts and groans in its guttural language, waving its arms as it did. North stopped and sighed, turning around to say, "I've already told you, there is nothing wro-" North cut himself off to look up at the Globe, his eyes widening in horror at what he saw. Black sand had formed around the entirety of the Globe. A wicked laugh echoed throughout the chamber, causing the rest of the yetis to look up from their work.

A sly and venomous voice reached North's ears, causing the hairs of his beard to bristle, "Darkness will fall over the Earth and there is nothing that you, the other Guardians, or God will be able to do to stop it." Another laugh echoed throughout the chamber, yet North managed a smile. As Pitch began to form out of the black sand, North let out a bellowing laugh. "Well if it isn't the Boogeyman himself. Come back for another beating, have we now?" At this North pulled out one of his battle swords and pointed it at Pitch. Pitch smiled in

turn. North's arm returned to his side, his smile fading, as four other figures began to materialize out of the sand. One had the figure of a man. The second looked like a woman. The third took the form of a bear-like monster. And the last had the body of a fearsome and large dragon. Pitch let out one more bone-chilling laugh. North dropped his sword as Pitch and the others dissipated, the sand whisking out the window. North whispered to himself, "That's not possible."

Picking up his fallen sword, North quickly walked past the shivering yeti and over to the Globe's console. He looked at the circular lever, shaking his head as he grabbed hold of it. With a twist of his wrist, North pounded the lever back into the console. The Summoning of the Guardians had begun.

* * *

><p>They were waiting for about half an hour. North was about to send Bunnymund and the yetis to go find the Guardian of Fun when, suddenly, he flew through the open window in the roof. Bunny ruffled his fur at the cold gust that came through the chamber while Tooth rubbed her arms. Jack landed with a smile. "Hey guys. Where's the fire?" Bunny scowled at this, saying, "You had us waiting on you for half an hour." Bunny stared daggers at Jack while he just shrugged, leaning against his shepherd's crook shaped staff and shoving his hands in his sweatshirt's pockets. Bunny shook his head and looked back at North. "What seems to be the problem mate?"<p>

"Pitch has returned," North explained. At this, Jack let out a stifled laugh. He stood himself back up saying, "Why? Does he want another beat-" Jack was cut off by North, who continued to explain, "And he is not alone." Everyone, even Jack, was silent when they heard this. Tooth spoke up, confusion written on her face. "But how? How could Pitch possibly be gaining allies?" North sighed, rubbing his face with his hand in an attempt to comfort himself. "I don't know," he stated bluntly. He then looked straight at Sandy before saying, "But I think that Pitch is gathering his forces again. The Negatives." An exclamation point made out of Sandy's dream sand, appeared above his head.

Bunny stepped forward, twisting and turning one of his boomerangs in his hand. "Well, if these forces of his are gathering, we're gonna need to know what they look like." Waiting for an answer, Bunny brought his shoulders up in a questioning manner. Turning back to the rest of them, North began to rub his head in thought. "Well, one of them I remember personally. He is a demon who goes by the name Emory Blake. He is also referred to as the Negative, Wrath." At the mention of Blake's name, North and Sandy visibly bristled, both out of anger and fear. "That one has a history," North continued to explain. "But, as for what he looks like, he is a bald man with an intimidating stature. He has magic circles engraved on the tops of both of his hands. The color of his eyes is like blood and his pupils are those of a snake." Jack watched, now squatting from the top of his staff, as North paced the room while giving them every detail. "If you run into him; though, here's my advice to you. Run away." North finished the detailed explanation, leaving an air of fearful silence.

Jack was the one to break the silence with a question. "So what about the others?" The sharp, yet silent, intake of air from the rest of the Guardians was almost enough to choke Jack. North let out a

half-hearted sigh of relief before continuing. "I didn't recognize the others, unfortunately. One looked like a woman, who had an air of deceit about her. The other was a bear-like monster who felt full of pride. The last was a dragon who seemed to have an intimidating vibe about it."

Jack threw a hand up, signaling North to stop. "Wait a second. If Pitch and this Blake dude are both demons, why are the others not?" He asked this with a shrug of his shoulders. "A Negative can be anything or anyone," North continued to explain, a hint of annoyance inching into his voice. "It just has to embody its sin. Now, if we're done with all the questions, can we get onto how we are going to stop them?" Sandy was the only one to acknowledge with a thumbs up. Either way, North took this as a unanimous yes.

"Alright! Now, does anybody have some good ideas?" Other than Sandy, who looked deep in thought, everyone else looked dumbfounded. "Well come on!" North exclaimed. "We can't just stand around all day. Think of something!" North looked and sounded crazed. "Calm down, North. It's only been a few seconds." Jack explained this in an attempt to calm him down. Bunny sighed and let his shoulders sag, pointing to Jack as he said, "For once, I agree with him. And I can't tell if that's a good or bad thing." Just as a small scuffle was about to begin, Sandy popped out of his thoughts. A light bulb formed above his head. Soon a flower formed as well, quickly followed by the sun, a leaf, and a snowflake. He also formed a half angel halo, half demon horns above his head.

Everyone but Jack then payed acute attention to Sandy. Tooth hovered forward a little, slowly saying, "Sandy. You know that those prophecies are botched. Only the Guardians of Life and Winter have been found. Trying to find the other three would be like trying to find a needle in a haystack." At the mention of him, Jack began paying attention. "What other three? What prophecies?" Jack stepped down from the top of his staff, looking at Tooth with utter curiosity written on his face. She bit her lip, unsure of whether she should explain or not. She sighed, surrendering at last. "There were two prophecies. The prophecy of the Big Four, the Guardians of the Seasons, and the Guardian of Life, a powerful Guardian formed through an impossible bond."

Tooth began to hover back and forth in one location, seeming nervous as she explained. "The prophecies foretold that, when the time came, these Guardians would come together to defeat Pitch and save the world from eternal darkness. The only problem with it all: we've only found two of these Guardians. You and the Guardian of life." Jack leaned back against his staff, pondering these new thoughts. He was suddenly hit by realization, for he stood up straight in an instant. Jack then asked them all with a very smug smile, "Well, if it's so hard to find these guys, then how did you all find me?" Tooth opened her mouth as if she were going to say something, but stopped, realizing what Jack just asked. Sandy began to excitedly create moon symbols above his head. North let out one of his bellowing laughs as the full moon's light crept onto the sigil, the Mark of the Guardians, that sat on the floor.

"Man in Moon!" North exclaimed, overjoyed with Jack's whit. Jack, who was currently trying to avoid a bear hug from North, smiled in elation. North, who was still laughing, started motioning his hand in the direction of the moon, which sat outside the ceiling window.

"Metatron, my old friend, I know why you're here. Guide us. Tell us where the other three lie in wait." North, as well as the others, stood in anticipation as the crystal pedestal rose out of the center of the sigil. The moon's light began to focus on the crystal, shapes forming as it did.

The first figure to form was that of a teenaged girl with extremely long hair. A tower formed next to her while a flower symbol floated above her head. The next was also a girl who, instead, had very frizzy and wild hair. A sun floated above her head while what looked like a Stone Henge formed next to her. The last to appear was a boy, that was skinnier than Jack, and who had a mop head of hair. A leaf floated above his head while a Viking style village formed next to him.

The light faded as the pedestal sunk back into the floor. As North stood back up to his full height, he looked back at the rest of them with a smile. "I'll be back soon. I'll gather the other three seasons, along with the Guardian of Life, and bring them back here. The five great Guardians of the Earth shall finally come into existence."

3. Chapter 2: Spring's Awakening

****Hey guys! Another update that you all will hopefully like. I finally introduced someone who wasn't RotG. I'm really starting to like how this story is coming out. I just wish that it could get more reviews. I'm putting my all into this one since it is my first actual story on here. Anyways, next chapter is Merida's intro and I'm wanting to know if I should write in the accent. It'll also be from her perspective to set up a few story elements for later. Anyways, review and critique as you see fit. Enjoy!****

****Chapter 2: Spring's Awakening****

It took the yetis a while to prepare North's sleigh. The reindeer had been restless and wanted to get out for some time now. But, as soon as North boarded the flying vehicle, he whipped the reins causing the lead reindeer to reel back before pounding forward. North laughed as a group of yetis dived out of the way as the reindeer started their trek through the tunnels. North always enjoyed going through all the loop de loops. He always had to resist the urge to throw his hands in the air, for fear of losing control of the sleigh.

Before he knew it, North had hit open air. He closed his eyes and let the cold wind of the North whip at his face. He took in a deep breath and let it out before opening his eyes again, a fierce passion residing in them now. Moving the reins in his right hand over to his left, North reached into his red fur coat to pull out one of his magical snow globes. "Take me to Spring's tower," North whispered to the orb, the snow swirling inside to form a tower. As the snow globe began to glow, North threw the magical orb in front of his team as it imploded on itself with a flash of light, creating a swirling portal that the sleigh then disappeared within.

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><p>The extended amount of time that it took North to reach the other end of the portal informed him that he was also traveling in time.

North smiled to himself. 'What a perfect place to hide the Big Four. Who could possibly think to go looking through the very folds of time. God is clever one,' he thought as he began to fly over a land filled with color and life. North's happy mood vanished as he looked to see what was combing the land out on the horizon. Black sand.

"I must hurry, before Pitch and his forces find the Guardians," North explained to himself, as if trying to put things into a better perspective. He quickly began to look over his sleigh for the tower. Soon enough, he found a crevice that was filled with many things. Things like rocks, flowers, a lake, and a waterfall. But there was only one thing there that North even took notice of, or cared about. That thing was a bluish-purple topped tower that was covered in ivy and moss. A smirk crossed North's face. 'Got you,' he thought. North snapped his reindeer's reins and pulled back, causing them all to plummet towards the crevice. A loud boom, which sounded like thunder, caused North to look up. His eyes widened when he saw that the sand was moving faster and getting closer. North looked back to his reindeer urging them to go faster.

He pulled up as soon as he entered the crevice, circling the tower so as to slow down. "Circle the tower till I get out!" North shouted to his reindeer. He didn't need any response from them. He knew they understood and would comply. As they came around the tower once more, North jumped onto the sturdy window sill, rolling through the shutters due to momentum as he did. When he stood back up, he took the time to look around the room he was in. It was dark, and what he could see was so veiled in shadow that he couldn't tell what the objects were.

Then his attention was stolen by the near silent sound of feet moving against the floor. North stood as still as could be, slowly inching his hands closer to his swords. A quick flash of gray that appeared out of the corner of his eye caused North to react. On instinct he twirled out of the way of the object, pulling out his swords and slashing downwards, sending the object clattering against the floor. As soon as the assault began, it ended, causing North to look up at the metal object that had been thrown at him. His eyebrows furrowed at what was just used as a weapon against him. 'A...frying pan?' North thought, the look of confusion not leaving his face.

"What do you want with me?" It was the voice of a teenaged girl. The voice, although hinted with fear, rang true with courage and strength. North, whose eyes had finally adjusted to the darkness of the room, turned to look at the girl. North took in her appearance, starting with her head. She had large green eyes and her cheeks were lightly peppered with freckles. He also noticed that her brown eyebrows clashed with her blonde... hair. Her long, blonde hair. From what North saw, her hair went all the way down to the floor and, possibly, was longer than that. Moving this detail aside, North continued his observations of her. She covered her lithe frame with a purple dress that had pink accents. The dress itself consisted of a corset top that was lavender in color and laced with pink ribbon, with a white petticoat underneath. The skirt was a darker shade of purple, but still bright and decorated with swirl designs in pink, dark purple, and white. The tops of the sleeves were puffed and striped with pink and lavender, while the rest was a pale, baby pink with white lace at the end. North took a quick look down towards her feet to notice that she was bare footed. He smiled, being vaguely

reminded of Jack.

The girl, who was fidgeting as North seemed to scan over her with his eyes, squared her shoulders and put her most fearless looking face on. "I asked, what do you want with me? Who are you?" She asked sternly, still trying to mask her voice. North finally looked up at her, the smile still on his face. The girl flinched as he put his swords away and moved to pick up the frying pan. Flipping it in his hand so that he was holding the pan instead of the handle, North extended it out to her while saying, "I'm Nicholas St. North, otherwise known as North or Santa Claus. And I need your help miss..." Her eyes widened a bit at that, but then returned to a look of distrust.

The girl stayed where she was for a moment before snatching the pan from his hands and holding it in position, ready to attack. "Rapunzel," she stated. "My name is Rapunzel. Why would you want my help?" She asked this with a look of complete distrust. North gave his most pleasant smile, which seemed to work as Rapunzel's shoulders seemed to relax a bit. "The world is in danger," North explained. "And you are one of the few who can help save it." Rapunzel's eyes seemed to turn into mirrors, causing North to laugh a little. He forced himself back into his serious demeanor, pulling another snow globe from his coat.

"Now that that's out of the way, we really must be going. Our enemies are looking for you." North tossed the snow globe at the wall as he explained. Seeming to disregard the swirling hole now in front of her, Rapunzel walked towards him shaking her head frantically and pulling more hair with her. 'Huh. So it is much longer.' North thought to himself. "But we can't leave! My mother would get worried. And I've never left my tower befo-" Rapunzel was cut off as a loud rumble caused the tower to shake. North seemingly appeared next to her, pushing her in the direction of the portal. "No time for talk! We must get out of here!" North yelled

Whatever protests Rapunzel had fell on deaf ears and were abruptly silenced as she was shoved through the portal, which closed immediately after she, and the rest of her hair, was through. Once that was done, North rushed over to the windows, pushing them open once he reached them. He was shocked to see the sky blocked out by the swirling black sand. North put his hand to his mouth, letting out a high pitched whistle before jumping out the window. Landing in his sleigh, North pulled out yet another one of his snow globes to open another portal. North had just made his way through the portal before the tower behind him was crushed.

4. Chapter 4: Summer's Call

****Chapter 3: Summer's Call****

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><p>The forest had become almost completely silent, except for the occasional animal or breeze that stirred. Everything was peaceful, until she let out another worried, yet agitated, yell. "Mum!" Merida let out a huff as she continued to walk aimlessly through the forest. 'This is jus' great,' she thought to herself, agitation beginning to show on her face. 'I'm soaking wet, I don' know where I am, ma father

an' the other clan leaders are probably startin' a war because of me, an' ma mum, who is slowly turnin' more intae a bear, ran off chasin' wisps.' A look of worry crossed her face at those last two thoughts.<p>

She hadn't thought about it much, but, recently, she was constantly being reminded of what her actions at the games had incited. The fact that things finally seemed to be getting better between Merida and her mom only made her feel worse. "Wha' have I done?" Merida asked this aloud to no one in particular before rounding on another animal trail, saddened by her thoughts as she continued on.

As she looked up, Merida saw that she had arrived back at the standing stone circle. She let out a shout of frustration, stomping the ground as her slightly wet, fiery red hair bounced slightly at the motion. "Why is it tha' I keep endin' up here? I don' want tae be here!" Merida then heard the cry of a distant horse. Merida was expecting to see someone from the castle who was sent to search for her until she remembered that she _snuck out_ with her mother. She turned around to see nothing, taking a cautionary look around. 'Samethin' don' feel right.' She thought to herself, taking the bow she took from the castle and knocking an arrow on it while continuing to survey the area.

The sounds of animals and wind had disappeared, the only sound being Merida's quickened breathing. Merida saw a black shape shoot out of the forest through the corner of her eye. She turned quickly to line up a shot, but hesitated when she took in the creature before her.

What she saw before her resembled a black horse with yellow eyes and a strange mane made out of wispy tendrils. She wanted to think that it could be some new horse breed she had never seen before, but every instinct Merida had told her that this..._thing_...wasn't and that she should run. Then she saw the look in its eyes. The intent that sat within them. Kill her.

The thing whinnied as it charged, taking advantage of Merida's confused and terrified state to attack. Merida quickly shook the feelings off, loosing the arrow and smiling as it landed in its head. Well...struck its head before it fell away, turning into a cloud of black looking sand. 'Yes!' She thought, feeling triumphant with her accomplishment.

That triumph was cut short when she heard another one of the creatures behind her. Merida did a sharp turn, so as to get a bead on her target, but tripped over a tree root causing her to lose her grip on the bow as she fell backwards. She looked up to see that it had landed at least eight feet away, while the new creature was now barreling towards her at dizzying speeds. She couldn't go after her bow, for if she did then the thing would get to her before she could knock an arrow. Merida was frozen in fear, thoughts racing through her head as the evil thing chugged on.

'Oh no! I'm gonna die! I'm gonna die!' The two were just yards away from each other, Merida trying to back away, which did nothing to help her, while the creature continued on with murderous glee in its eyes. The thing was nearly on top of her now. 'Mother. Father. I'm sorry.' She snapped her eyes shut, screaming in terror when she heard a loud thump.

Everything went silent again. 'Am I...dead?' Merida thought, her eyes still shut. Merida slowly opened her eyes, relief washing over her as she saw the same ground that had been beneath her a moment ago.

'Oh! Thank the spirits, I'm still alive.' Merida thought this as she felt her limbs and face, making sure it was all real. She looked up and the next thing she saw sent her scurrying back further. There was, in front of her, a large, heavyset old man with a long white beard and hair. He was wearing a red fur coat with a black fur cap and black pants. He had two cutlass-like swords drawn out of their sheaths which sat on his red-patterned cloth belt. He had an intimidating stature, one that was only slightly smaller than her father's. Even with the fierce and intimidating look he gave off, his eyes...there was something about his eyes, deep within them, that comforted her.

He smiled at her, chuckling softly. 'Wha' is he laughin' about?' Merida thought to herself, puzzled. She suddenly realized that she was gaping at him and immediately closed her mouth, trying and failing to put on a normal face again. The man just laughed again, louder this time. 'Great first impressions, Merida.' the girl thought, berating herself as a bright red hue painted the pale white skin of her round face. At this he just laughed more, causing Merida to become irritated. "Will ye stop laughin' ye old fool," she demanded angrily, standing up now. The man made a gesture with his hand like he was wiping tears from his eye, trying to regain his breath. "I'm sorry," he said, calming down from his laughing fit. "But it's really funny seeing you get flustered over nothing."

Merida scowled at that comment. "How is tha' funny!? _Tha's not funny!_" Merida stated loudly, annoyed. She walked over to her bow, picking it up, as the man still chuckled quietly to himself. Turning on him, she pointed at the man in an accusing manner. "Or did ye forget tha I was almost killed a second ago?" Merida asked, just as accusingly as the finger she was pointing. The man's face suddenly became serious, causing Merida to start slightly. "That is sort of why I am here." He stated, Merida raised an eyebrow in a questioning manner.

"Who are ye?" She asked, suspicion, as well as curiosity, entering her eyes. The man stood up and stuck the ends of his swords into the ground. He bowed in a way that seemed absolutely foreign to her. "I am Nicholas St. North. Otherwise known as North or Santa Claus." He stated this with, seemingly, absolute belief. This startled Merida, who's mouth was moving but not forming coherent sentences. "But...ye're jist a... But...ye can't be... But then...why're ye here?" She managed out at last, taking a breath of air afterwards.

The man, now identified as North, smiled at her. He began to walk towards her, motioning in her direction as he did. "I'm here because of you." Merida's eyes widened before narrowing in thought. "But why would ye come here for me? Wha's goin on? Why would someone like ye come lookin' fer me?" Merida asked, confused and still trying to think through everything.

North lifted his hand to answer until a dozen more of those things could be heard from the forest. North cursed before putting his hand

to his mouth and letting out a whistle that hurt Merida's ears. Merida began turning in circles and noticed the faint yellow eyes and black shapes darting amongst the trees in the distance.

"What do we do?" Merida asked North, hoping for an answer from the man. When she heard nothing, she turned to see him holding a glowing orb in his hand. She was about to ask until he threw the thing to the ground, creating a flash of swirling light. "Jump through!" North commanded, walking over and picking up his swords.

"What!?" Merida exclaimed, the creatures coming closer with each passing moment. "There ain' no way ye're gettin' me in tha'- Hey!" Merida shouted in surprise at being picked up and hefted over his shoulder. She shouted curses at the man, who seemed unable to hear her. She looked up to see that the creatures were at the edge of the clearing, only to lose sight as she was practically thrown towards the light. North was shouting at Merida, who only picked up, "We are-"

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><p>Well, I hope you enjoyed this chapter. It was really fun doing it from this perspective. It gave me the chance to create some backstory. Tell me if my integration of the accents was good or not so that I can continue or discontinue the idea. Also, this chapter took a while because school, and GenCon, have kept me distracted. Anyways, review and critique as you see fit. Thank you and enjoy! :)

20 bucks to the person who guesses the a first word of the next chapter. :)

5. Chapter 5: Autumn's Descent

Chapter 4: Autumn's Descent

"-leaving!" Hiccup loudly declared, Toothless watching curiously as he tried, and failed, to hoist his things over to the jet black dragon. Toothless made a noise in his throat that seemed to mimic laughter. Hiccup just rolled his eyes at the dragon. "Oh, ha ha. Very funny," he droned out, sarcasm dripping off his voice. "Or have you forgotten that _you can't even fly_ without my help?" Hiccup stated, trying to hide his smirk while Toothless just shot him a look that said, 'You did not just say that.'

Hiccup decided to give up on his things for a moment and looked around the glade. He frowned as he slowly drifted into his thoughts. 'I can't believe that I'm actually leaving.' He thought, sitting down next to Toothless, who was now curled up on the ground.

He let his hand fall onto the dragon's head, who let out a sort of hum of pleasure. 'What will my dad think when he finds out?' He asked his troubled mind, not expecting an answer. 'Will he go looking for me? Will he forget all about me?' He continued to question, scratching the scales of Toothless' head as he did.

Hiccup made a sound that sounded like he was going to have a nervous breakdown and stopped scratching, propping his arms up on his knees. Toothless perked up, taking notice of his rider's confused emotional

state. Mainly just because he stopped scratching his head. "I should just go back. I mean, there's probably some way for me to get through to them." Hiccup said this as if he saw no possibility of that remotely happening.

Then he shrunk down even more. "But my dad, the thick-headed Viking he is, will probably find some way to ruin everything." He said, sounding pitifully at a loss as to what to do. Which he was.

"I hate my life," Hiccup stated, letting his face fall to rest in his arms. Toothless was just about to nudge his rider in the side until his ears perked up. "Hey!" Hiccup yelled as he fell backwards, due to his dragon jumping up on all fours. "Hey. What's the matter, bud?" He asked trying to calm the Night Fury down. That is, until he saw the dragon's face. The slit pupils. The perked up ears. The arched back. _Someone was coming._

Toothless was making so much noise now, that Hiccup feared whoever was out there had heard him and was headed in their direction right now. Hiccup did his best to try and silence his best friend, but it was to no avail. He tried even harder when he heard the cries of horses. Then he stopped altogether. _'Wait..._' Hiccup thought, both puzzled and slightly afraid. 'There are no horses on Berk,' he remembered, suddenly afraid of what was outside the small valley.

Hiccup tensed up when he heard the sound behind him, at the top of the valley. Toothless had started growling in a defensive way now, but Hiccup saw something else in the dragon. Something he had only seen once in the dragon. _Fear._

Hiccup turned around slowly, prepared to jump on Toothless' back at any given moment. What he saw nearly caused him to. He saw creatures made out of something black and grainy. There were mostly horses, but there were other creatures. Some of them looked like things conjured up from nightmares or other animals. Some looked like creatures he had seen in images or murals to the gods and their tales.

Hiccup stood as still as he could, while waving at Toothless to get his attention. Hiccup couldn't tell if the dragon was paying attention so he whispered, "Toothless. When I move, fire into the group and then take off as soon as I'm on your back." The dragon gave a snort of affirmation, telling Hiccup that he had been listening.

Everything seemed to stop for a moment, the world becoming absolutely still and silent. It was all broken when Hiccup shouted. "Now!" He broke out into a run towards his dragon, who shot a ball of plasma at the group of creatures. Several of them were disintegrated but were replaced as soon as they charged forward. By that time, Hiccup was already set up on Toothless' harness and positioning the stirrup that controlled the dragon's prosthetic tail. They had taken off in mere seconds, leaving the group of creatures behind as they broke away from the canopy of trees.

Hiccup looked back at the creatures, all of them still standing there, watching him. Hiccup was smiling, happy that him and Toothless had escaped. But that happiness was cut short when a cry from Toothless brought Hiccup's attention to what was directly in front of him.

"Oh Hel!" He shouted over the wind, which hid the cracking of his voice, as he saw the wave of black sand that was just a few feet in front of him. Hiccup couldn't slow the two of them down in time to avoid a collision. So, instead, he shut his eyes, waiting for the impact, while Toothless continued to cry out in panic. What Hiccup didn't see was the glowing orb, that had just been thrown in front of Toothless and him, and turned into a swirling ring of light. They only managed to make it through with mere inches between them and the wall of crackling, black sand.

* * *

><p>North was traveling through another one of his portals after just retrieving Autumn. "Well, The Four are safe and sound." North said, smiling at his job well done. "Now all I need to do, is to go get Jacob." His smile fell at that. North said, very quietly this time, "I just hope I catch him in a good mood." A grimace was now plastered across his face.<p>

* * *

><p>So this was a shorter chapter than the rest, I know. But, this was how I saw the whole thing play out in my mind. Don't worry, next chapter will be longer. It'll also be where my OC is finally introduced. Anyways, I need to slow down on these updates. I'm falling behind in school because I'm getting obsessed with it. I hope you guys enjoy, though. Review and critique as you see fit. And I will see you in the next update! Buh-bye!

6. Chapter 6: Life's Confusion

Chapter 5: Life's Confusion

North had come out of the portal to where the Sathorn mansion should have been in the present day. He looked over to see a sea of writhing, crackling black sand, instead. North was about to let out a cry of despair, thinking that Pitch had won already by wiping out the Guardian of Life. That was, until he saw how the sand seemed to enclose the fairly-sized manor's border, in an almost perfect circle. North's eyebrows furrowed and shot up to his hairline, both in confusion and surprise.

"That's not something you see everyday." North declared as he landed, watching the sand as it seemingly circled the large piece of land like a predator. North finally managed to turn his attention away from the, as Jack called it, "_Nightmare Fuel_" to head inside the large building. As North headed down the various halls of the house looking for his target, he couldn't help but take in the state of ruin and disarray.

There were large holes blasted out of the walls, ceiling, and floors. Entire staircases had been decimated or peppered with holes. Chandeliers lie on the ground, shattered, or were still hanging from the ceiling precariously. Various bits of furniture lie around in various states of destruction. Claw marks could be seen everywhere. Ash and soot covered entire rooms from time to time. Vines had slowly begun to creep through holes or shattered windows.

North let out a sigh as he began to pass through the east wing. "This place hasn't changed since that day." He said to himself in a sad voice, almost sounding regretful.

North was passing by another hallway on his left when, suddenly, he heard a distant gunshot from the other end of it. The bullet missed his nose by mere centimeters. He jumped back in surprise, falling on the ground as he did. If he had continued walking, he would have taken that straight through the head. "I thought I told you guys already. My answer was ****_no_****. _Do I have to keep repeating myself?_" A young voice called out, sounding very agitated.

North let out a quiet chuckle as he picked himself up off the ground. He turned to look down the hallway, a smile on his face as he said as happily as he could, "Jake! It's been a long time. Still as sure a shot as ever, I can see."

The teenager, well teenage-looking, boy still had one of his pistols drawn, its barrel smoking. The boy looked to be around sixteen to seventeen years old. He was as tall, or taller than, Jack. Although he was lanky like Jack as well, he had more muscle, making him appear only slightly larger. His chocolate brown eyes, which matched perfectly with his spiked, medium-length brown hair, were somewhere between staring daggers at North and giving him an annoyed glare. His face looked even more menacing with the scar that split his lips into two. He was wearing his favorite jacket, which was dark red with black trim and lining on the inside, with a white tank top underneath. He also wore a pair of faded blue jeans with black and white tennis shoes.

Jake's face didn't change a bit when he demanded, loudly, "North. Cut the bullshit, will ya. I know you wouldn't just come to visit me _out of the goodness of your heart_. So lets just be serious with each other." North's smile faded instantaneously. Then he smiled again, a mischievous look in his eyes now. "What, I'm not allowed to visit anymore? I'm sorry, but I must not have gotten the memo." Jake held back a laugh, but let one of the corners of his mouth shoot up, letting his head fall in an attempt to hide the movement. He shook his head and sighed, letting the arm he was holding up fall back to his side, the gun in his hand disappearing with a puff of black smoke.

Jake looked back up at North, his eyes softening, but a small scowl resided on his face now. "Fine," he stated, a slight edge to his voice. "If I can't get rid of you, can we at least go somewhere habitable in this place before you drill my ears out with your endless talking." North walked towards him, the two of them now walking down the hallway to their next destination.

* * *

><p>The trip was silent for the most part, at least until North looked outside to see the giant mass of black sand again. North opened his mouth to ask, until Jake stopped him by answering his unasked question without stopping once to turn around. "I've set up a magic circle around the house. It keeps most evil beings out, as well as keeping most mortals away." North looked at the teen in surprise.<p>

"But how did you -" Jake cut North off, again, still not finished

explaining. "I knew Pitch was coming for me in advance, so I'm strengthening it with my own energy." He made a quick gesture with his head, motioning to his back. North now noticed the faint glow that was being given off by the tattoo, which had been there since he was born, through the back of his collar. North grunted in understanding.

They had finally made it to their destination, a small room that wasn't too far from the kitchens. The room was currently in disarray from various items that had been strewn about, but was completely intact. Jake gestured to the room and declared, "Welcome, to my humble abode." North took a chair that had been sitting by a desk, while Jake headed towards a mini-fridge that was stowed away in the corner.

"Want something to drink?" He quipped pulling open the fridge door. "Do you have eggnog?" North asked, but immediately made a face that said he would rather not know the answer to that question. Jacob just gave North a dull stare, answering with, "I got beer, beer, and more beer. _Which would you rather have?_" He asked the last question with a bit of a sarcastic drawl.

North sighed and let his shoulders drop. "Fine," he breathed out in defeat, still not wanting to drink the foul tasting liquid since the last time he had it. "I'll take one." Jacob pulled two out, one in each hand, kicking the fridge door closed as he walked over towards North. Putting one of the bottles under his armpit, Jake untwisted the cap on the other and handed it to North, who took it reluctantly. When Jake's back was turned, North took a sip and managed to force it down, miming a look of absolute distaste. "How can you stand this stuff? It tastes like your drinking gasoline!" North asked in strained wonder, setting the vile drink as far away from him as possible on the desk.

When Jacob sat down on the only bed in the room, he gave the Guardian a joking grin. "And how would you know what that tastes like, _I wonder?_" Jake asked, trying to hold back a laugh. North groaned, giving Jake a look that caused him to throw his hands up in surrender. It still didn't wipe the _shit-eating_, for lack of a better term, grin from his face. "Hey! You said it, not me!" The teenager managed out between chuckles.

After a few minutes to calm down and a couple swigs of beer, the mood of the room became serious again. The idiotic grin on his face gone, Jacob looked back at North. "I'm not going." He declared matter of factly, trying to leave no room for argument. North looked at him sympathetically, trying to figure out how to convince him. "Jacob. You were born for this. It is your destiny to bec-" North was cut off by Jacob who was trying to bore holes into North by now.

"Don't give me that destiny horse-shit, North. You know what I did all those years ago." Jake's voice had risen at a steady pace, his brown eyes suddenly had a red hue to them, and he was gripping his beer bottle tighter. 'Damn it. There goes my plans to get him to come without an outburst.' North thought as he furrowed his eyebrows in concern. "You were _chosen_ for this. Not just by Metatron, but by God himself. It is your duty to protect all of humanity." Jake tsked, a look of disdain painted on his face. It was only so that he could try to hide the sorrow in his eyes.

"You say I'm supposed to protect humanity. How in Hell am I supposed to be able to do that, when I kill thousands of them. Just in the interest of seeking revenge." Jake looked away, his voice softening as he said that. He then looked back up at North, a look of disgust meant for himself. "I can't protect the humans. I couldn't protect my parents. I'm no Guardian. I'm a _worthless monster._" Jake looked down, the red hue gone from his eyes, with his hands between his legs. He took another sip of the beer he was still grasping onto. At least, until North stood up and shouted, causing him to drop the bottle in surprise, which showed on his face. "No! You are Guardian!" North was standing over Jake, a fierceness in his eyes like never before.

"We all have our ups and downs, Jake, and it's how those affect your future that matters. Your parents knew what you would grow up to be, and they acknowledged that. They were willing to sacrifice themselves for you. Don't let that sacrifice be in vain." Everything went still after North's rant.

The look of surprise didn't leave Jacob's face until he sighed. "Fine. I'll do it. I'll join your group. Only because I don't want to disgrace my parents' name by letting the apocalypse come down upon Earth." Jake stood up now and started to stretch his arms out. "Besides, saving the world could do wonders for my severely damaged conscience." North took in a breath and smiled at that.

Jake walked over to the end of the bed and picked up the sword that had been leaning against it. It suddenly disappeared in a small cloud of black, wispy smoke in the same manner as the pistol from earlier. He then walked over to a wall that had a circle with dozens of geometric shapes, symbols, and strange runes painted on the wall. He tapped the center with his index finger causing it to open up into an area filled with light.

Hands in his jacket pockets, Jake looked over his shoulder at North and smiled. "See you on the other side old man!" He shouted before hopping through with a wave. North only smiled wider and shook his head. "I swear, that boy is going to be the death of me."

* * *

><p>The room was dark, and the stone floors and walls cold. At the center sat what looked like a well with black water inside, almost touching the top. Although, at this time, the water wasn't black. It was, instead, swirling with vivid images showing five different teenagers. A lone figure was watching these images, his black robes and pale skin making him near invisible in the darkness while his eyes glowed a predatory yellow.<p>

He watched the images with his hands behind his back as a large, bald man stepped into the room. One would think he was human, until they took a look at the red, slitted eyes. He walked up to the slim man by the well and stopped a few feet away. He cleared his throat, seeing if the other man noticed he had entered. "Yes, Wrath. Do you have something to report?" The man asked in a cool, sleek voice that would seem almost calming, if it were not for the dark and dangerous aura that he gave off.

Wrath stood up straight, trying not to be informal in the presence of his master. In a deep, gravely voice, he answered, nervously. "The

nightmares have reported back. They were unable to reach the half-born child. They were also unable to recover any of The Four. They were..._stopped_ by North." Wrath swallowed in a slight show of fear, unsure of how his master would react to the news. He turned to his second in command and smiled, showing the many sharp teeth that sat within, chuckling as he did. "I know." Those two words caused Wrath to freeze.

"My dear, old friend, you must've known that I would be watching." The smaller man sauntered over to Wrath, who was trying not to quiver in fear. "Do not fret. It wasn't in my interest to catch them immediately, anyways." Wrath stared at the man, blindsided by what he just said.

"Umm...sir-" Wrath started but was cut off by the other man. "Please. No formalities, Emory. Just call me by name." The man slowly began to walk back over to the well, whose images had faded by now. Emory Blake did a double take and wiped whatever expression had been on his face off. "Yes...Pitch. But, might I ask, why not catch them now?" Blake stared at pitch, confusion being the precedent in his mind at the time.

Pitch let out another one of those bone chilling chuckles as he skimmed his fingers over the water, images overlooking a gray, barren wasteland with a giant magic circle drawn over the ground, forming within. "I have other plans for them. Plans that will bring about our victory." He pulled his fingers away from the water, the image fading again, as he looked back at Blake. "It also gives me time to think." His voice had a maniacal hint to it.

Emory was curious now. "Time to think about what?" Pitch turned to smile at him. The face he wore now would have been enough to freeze a mortal in complete terror. Smiling like a mad man, Pitch said in a soft voice. "Time to think about _how I might break them._"

* * *

><p>Another day, another chapter. This is probably my longest chapter and my favorite. I finally got to introduce my OC, as well as get some action with Pitch. I'm really liking how this story is starting to shape up. Now if only it could grow more in popularity! Anyways, I'd like to thank all you loyal fans who review and enjoy the story. It's a real blast. So review and critique as you see fit. And I will see you...in the next chapter. Buh-bye! :D (If you're wondering, I'm doing a Markiplier esque outro. He's my favorite youtuber.)

End
file.